

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELTON.

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He stopped suddenly, as if he were almost afraid to go on. Rachel did not venture to suggest anything.

"I have been a member of the same company to which you and Virginia belong," continued Rollin, beginning again. "I have made the pledge to do as I believe Jesus would do, and it is in trying to answer this question that I have been doing my work."

"That is what I do not understand. Virginia told me about the other. It seems wonderful to think that you are trying to keep that pledge with us. But what can you do with the clubmen?"

"You have asked me a direct question, and I shall have to answer it now," replied Rollin, smiling again.

"You see, I asked myself after that night at the tent, you remember?—he spoke hurriedly, and his voice trembled a little—"what purpose I could now have in my life to redeem it, to satisfy my thought of Christian discipleship, and the more I thought of it the more I must take up this cross. Did you ever think that of all the neglected beings in our social system none are quite so completely left alone as the fast young men who fill the clubs and waste their time and money as I used to? The churches look after the poor, miserable creatures like those in the Rectangle, they make some effort to reach the workmen, they have a large constituency among the average salary earning people, they send money and missionaries to the foreign heathen, but the fashionable, dissipated young men around town, the clubmen, are left out of all plans for reaching and Christianizing, and yet no class of people needs it more. I said to myself: 'I know these men, their good and bad qualities. I have been one of them. I am not fitted to reach the Rectangle people. I do not know how. But I think I could possibly reach some of these young men and boys who have money and time to spend. So that is what I have been trying to do. When I asked, as you did, 'What would Jesus do?' that was my answer. It has been also my cross."

Rollin's voice was so low on the last sentence that Rachel had difficulty in hearing him above the noise around them, but she knew what he had said. She wanted to ask what his methods were, but she did not know just how to ask him. Her interest in his plans was larger than mere curiosity. Rollin Page was so different now from the fashionable young man who had asked her to be his wife that she could not help thinking of him and talking with him as if he were entirely a new acquaintance.

They had turned off the avenue and were going up the street to Rachel's home. It was the same street where Rollin had asked Rachel why she could not love him. They were both stricken by a sudden shyness as they went on. Rachel had not forgotten that day, and Rollin could not forget it. She finally broke a long silence by asking him what she had not found words for before.

"In your work for the clubmen, with your old acquaintances, what sort of reception do they give you? How do you approach them? What do they say?"

Rollin was silent when Rachel spoke. He answered after a moment:

"Oh, it depends on the man! A good many of them think I am a crank. I have kept my membership up and am in good standing in that way. I try to be wise and not provoke any unnecessary criticism, but you would be surprised to know how many of the men have responded to my appeal. I could hardly make you believe that only a few nights ago a dozen men became honestly and earnestly engaged in a conversation over religious questions. I have had the great joy of seeing some of the men give up bad habits and begin a new life. 'What would Jesus do?' I keep asking it. The answer comes slowly, for I am feeling my way along. One thing I have found out—the men are not fighting shy of me. I think that is a good sign. Another thing—I have actually interested some of them in the Rectangle work, and when it is started up they will give something to help make it more powerful, and, in addition to all the rest, I have found a way to save some of the young fellows from going to the bad in gambling."

Rollin spoke with enthusiasm. His face was transformed by his interest in the subject which had now become a part of his real life. Rachel again noted the strong, manly, healthful tone of his speech. With it all she knew was a deep, underlying seriousness which felt the burden of the cross even while carrying it with joy. The next time she spoke it was with a swift feeling of justice due to Rollin and his new life.

"Do you remember I reproached you once for not having any purpose worth living for?" she asked, while her beautiful face seemed to Rollin more beautiful than ever when he had won sufficient self control to look up. "I want to say I feel the need of saying, in justice to you now, that I honor you for your courage and your obedience to your promise. The life you are living now is a very noble one."

Rollin trembled. His agitation was greater than he could control. Rachel could not help seeing it. They walked alone in silence. At last Rollin said: "I thank you. It has been more than I can tell to hear you say that." He looked into her face for a moment. She read his love for her in that look, but he did not speak.

When they separated, Rachel went into the house, and, sitting down in her room, she put her face in her hands and said to herself: "I am beginning to know what it means to be loved by a noble man. I shall love Rollin Page."

after all. What am I saying? Rachel Winslow, have you forgotten?—She rose and walked back and forth. She was deeply moved. Nevertheless it was evident to herself that her emotion was not that of regret or sorrow. Somehow a glad, new joy had come to her. She had entered another circle of experience, and later in the day she rejoiced with a very strong and sincere gladness that her Christian discipleship found room for this crisis in her feeling. It was indeed a part of it, for if she were beginning to love Rollin it was the Christian man who had won her heart. The other never would have moved her to this great change.

And Rollin as he went back treasured a hope that had been a stranger to him since Rachel had said no that day. In that hope he went on with his work as the days sped on, and at no time was he more successful in reaching and saving his old acquaintances than in the time that followed that chance meeting with Rachel Winslow.

The summer had gone, and Raymond was once more facing the rigor of his winter season. Virginia had been able to accomplish a part of her plan for "capturing the Rectangle," as she called it, but the building of houses in the field, the transforming of its bleak, bare aspect into an attractive park, all of which was included in her plan, was a work too large to be completed that fall after she had secured the property. But a million dollars in the hands of a person who really wants to do with it as Jesus would ought to accomplish wonders for humanity in a short time, and Henry Maxwell, going over to the scene of the new work one day after a noon hour with the shopmen, was amazed to see how much had been done outwardly.

Yet he walked home thoughtfully, and on his way he could not avoid the question of the continual problem thrust into his notice by the saloon. How much had been done for the Rectangle, after all? Even counting in Virginia's and Rachel's work and Mr. Gray's, where had it actually counted in any visible quantity? Of course he said to himself that the redemptive work begun and carried on by the Holy Spirit in his wonderful displays of power in the First church and in the tent meetings had had its effect on the life of Raymond, but as he walked past saloon after saloon and noticed the crowds going in and coming out of them, as he saw the wretched dens, as many as ever apparently, as he caught the brutality and squalor and open misery and degradation on countless faces of men and women and children, he sickened at the sight. He found himself asking how much cleansing could even a million dollars poured into this cesspool accomplish? Was not the living source of nearly all the human misery they sought to relieve untouched as long as these saloons did their deadly but legitimate work? What could even such unselfish Christian discipleship as Virginia's and Rachel's do to lessen the stream of vice so long as the great spring of vice and crime flowed as deep and strong as ever? Was it not a practical waste of beautiful lives for these young women to throw themselves into this earthly hell when for every soul rescued by their sacrifice the saloon made two more that needed rescue?

He could not escape the question. It was the same that Virginia had put to Rachel in her statement that, in her opinion, nothing really would ever be done until the saloon was taken out of the Rectangle. Henry Maxwell went back to his parish work that afternoon with added convictions on the license business.

But, if the saloon were a factor in the problem of the life of Raymond, no less were the First church and its little company of disciples who had pledged themselves to do as Jesus would do. Henry Maxwell, standing at the very center of the movement, was not in a position to judge of its power as some one from the outside might have done, but Raymond itself felt the touch of this new discipleship and was changed in very many ways, not knowing all the reasons for the change.

The winter had gone, and the year was ended, the year which Henry Maxwell had fixed as the time during which the pledge should be kept to do as Jesus would do. Sunday, the anniversary of that one year ago, was in many ways the most remarkable day the First church ever knew. It was more important than the disciples in the First church realized. The year had made history so fast and so serious that the people were not yet able to grasp its significance, and the day itself, which marked the completion of a whole year of such discipleship, was characterized by such revelations and confessions that the immediate actors in the events themselves could not understand the value of what had been done or the relation of their trial to the rest of the churches and cities in the country.

It happened that the week before that anniversary Sunday the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D. D., of the Nazareth Avenue church, Chicago, was in Raymond, where he had come on a visit to some old friends and incidentally to see his old seminary classmate, Henry Maxwell. He was present at the First church and was an exceedingly attentive and interested spectator. His account of events in Raymond, and especially of that Sunday, may throw more light on the entire situation than any description or record from other sources. Dr. Bruce's statement is therefore here given.

[Letter from Rev. Calvin Bruce, D. D., of the Nazareth Avenue church, Chicago, to Rev. Philip S. Caxton, D. D., New York city.]

"MY DEAR CAXTON—It is late Sunday night, but I am so intensely awake and so overflowing with what I have seen and heard that I feel driven to write you now some account of the situation in Raymond as I have been studying it and as it has apparently come to a climax today. So this is my only excuse for writing so extended a letter at this time."

"You remember Henry Maxwell in the seminary. I think you said the last time I visited you in New York that you had not seen him since we graduated. He was a refined, scholarly fellow, you remember, and when he was called to the First church of Raymond within a year after leaving the seminary I said to my wife: 'Raymond has made a good choice. Maxwell will satisfy them as a sermonizer.' He has been here 11 years, and I understand that up to a year ago he had gone on in the regular course of the ministry, giving good satisfaction and drawing a good congregation to his morning preaching service. His church was counted the largest, most wealthy church in Raymond. All the best people attended it, and most of them belonged. The quartet choir was famous for its music, especially for its soprano, Miss Winslow, of whom I shall have more to say, and, on the whole, as I understand the fact, Maxwell was in a comfortable berth, with a very good salary, pleasant surroundings, not a very exacting parish of refined, rich, respectable people, such a church and parish as nearly all the young men in the seminary in our time looked forward to as very desirable."

"But a year ago today Maxwell came into his church on Sunday morning and at the close of his service made the astounding proposition that the members of his church volunteer for a year not to do anything without first asking the question, 'What would Jesus do?' and, after answering it, to do what in their honest judgment he would do, regardless of what the result might be to them."

"The effect of this proposition as it has been met and obeyed by a number of the members of the First church of Raymond has been so remarkable that, as you know, the attention of the whole country has been directed to the movement. I call it a 'movement' because from the action taken today it seems probable that what has been tried here in the First church in Raymond will reach out into other churches and cause a revolution in church methods, but more especially in a new definition of Christian discipleship."

"In the first place, Maxwell tells me he was astonished at the response made to his proposition. Some of the most prominent members in the church made the promise to do as Jesus would. Among them were Edward Norman, the editor of The Daily News, which has made such a sensation in the newspaper world; Milton Wright, one of the leading merchants in Raymond; Alexander Powers, whose action in the matter of the railroads against the interstate commerce laws made such a stir about a year ago; Miss Page, one of Raymond's leading society hostesses, who has lately dedicated her entire fortune, as I understand, to the Christian daily paper and the work of reform in the slum district known as the Rectangle; and Miss Winslow, whose reputation as a singer is now national, but who, in obedience to what she has decided to be Jesus' probable action, has devoted her talent to volunteer work among the girls and women who make up a large part of the city's worst and most abandoned population."

"In addition to these well known people has been a gradually increasing number of Christians from the First church and lately from other churches in Raymond. A large proportion of these volunteers who pledge themselves to do as Jesus would comes from the Endeavor societies. The young people say that they have already embodied in their society pledge the same principle in the words, 'I promise him that I will strive to do whatever he would have me do.' This is not exactly what is included in Maxwell's proposition, which is that the disciples shall try to do what Jesus would probably do in the disciples' place, but the result of an honest obedience to either pledge, he claims, will be practically the same, and he is not surprised that the largest numbers have joined the new discipleship from the Endeavor society."

"I am sure the first question you will ask is: 'What has been the result of this attempt, what has it accomplished, or how has it changed in any way the regular course of the church or the community?'"

"You already know something from reports of Raymond that have gone over the country what the results have been, but one needs to come here and learn something of the changes in individual lives, and especially the change in the church life, to realize all that is meant by this following of Jesus' steps so literally. To tell all that would be to write a long story or series of stories. I am not in a position to do that, but I can give you some idea perhaps of what has happened here from what has been told me by my friends and Henry Maxwell himself."

"The result of the pledge upon the First church has been twofold—it has brought about a spirit of Christian fellowship which Maxwell tells me never before existed and which now impresses him as being very nearly what the Christian fellowship of the apostolic churches must have been, and it has divided the church into two distinct groups of members. Those who have not taken the pledge regard the others as foolishly literal in their attempts to imitate the example of Jesus."

"Some of them have drawn out of the church and no longer attend, or they have removed their membership entirely to other churches. Some are an internal element of strife, and I heard rumors of an attempt on their part to force Maxwell's resignation. I do not know that this element is very strong in the church. It has been held in check by a wonderful continuance of spiritual power, which dates from the first Sunday the pledge was taken a year ago, and also by the fact that so

many of the most prominent members have been identified with the movement."

"The effect on Henry Maxwell is very marked. I heard him preach at our state association four years ago. He impressed me at the time as having considerable power in dramatic delivery, of which he himself was somewhat conscious. His sermon was well written and abounded in what the seminary students used to call 'fine passages.' The effect of it was what the average congregation would call pleasing. This morning I heard Maxwell preach again for the first time since then. I shall speak of that further on. He is not the same man. He gives me the impression of one who has passed through a crisis of revolution. He tells me this revolution is simply a new definition of Christian discipleship. He certainly has changed many of his old views. His attitude on the saloon question is radically opposite to the one he entertained a year ago, and in his entire thought of his ministry, his pulpit and parish work I find he has made a complete change. So far as I can understand, the idea that is moving him on now is the idea that the Christianity of our times must represent a more literal imitation of Jesus, and especially in the element of suffering. He quoted to me in the course of our conversation several times the verse from Peter, 'For hereto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that ye should follow his steps,' and he seems filled with the conviction that what our churches need today more than anything else is this factor of suffering for Jesus in some form."

"I do not know that I agree with him altogether; but, my dear Caxton, it is certainly astonishing to note the results of this idea as they have impressed themselves upon this city and upon this church."

"You ask how about the results on the individuals who have made the pledge and honestly tried to be true to it. Those results are, as I have said, a part of individual history and cannot be told in detail. Some of them I can give you, so that you may see that this form of discipleship is not merely sentiment or fine tuning for effect."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Agents Wanted.

To sell the Marsh Reading Stand and Revolving Book Case. Best office or library article ever patented, and sells everywhere on sight, at a good profit. Why stand idle with such a chance to make money? Ask the publisher of this paper to show you sample of this stand, or write us for full particulars at once.

1004 6-m. MARSH MFG. CO., No. 542 West Lake St., Chicago.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar, if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

SHARRAR & MULLHOLLAND, Alma, RIVINS & RHODES, Alma, 1080-1 yr. FRED HUDSON, Riverdale.

WANTED—Honest man or woman to travel for large house; salary \$65 monthly and expenses, with increase; position permanent; inclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 330 Caxton bldg., Chicago. 1084 16-w

CHANCERY SALE.—In pursuance and by virtue of an order and decree of the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot in Chancery, in the state of Michigan, made and dated on the 22nd day of October, 1899, in a certain cause therein pending, to-wit: The First National Bank of Toledo, Ohio, a corporation, complainant, and Clarence N. Church, Nathan Church, Mary H. Church, Theodore Byckman, Benjamin L. Church, Fred McAndrew and M. C. Wisner Post No. 101, Defendants, of Michigan, G. A. R. a corporation, defendant. Notice is hereby given that I shall sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder at the north front door of the Court House in the Village of Ithaca and County of Gratiot and state of Michigan, said premises hereinafter described, on the 12th day of January in the year one thousand and nine hundred and one, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day. All or so much of the lands and premises hereinafter described as may be necessary to raise the amount due to the complainant for principal, interest upon the mortgage, in said cause and the taxes assessed against the said premises described in said mortgage, and the said complainant, with, by and under the terms and conditions of said mortgage and which were found due and decreed to be paid in the said order and decree made and entered with the court in said cause, which said premises are described as follows: All that certain parcel of land situated in the County of Gratiot and state of Michigan, and more particularly designated and described as follows: Viz: The forty-four (44) acres of lot four (4) block four (4) of the city of Ithaca, in said county, and containing a strip of east side of said lot, three feet and three inches in width of the south one hundred (100) feet and five feet in width of the north one hundred (100) feet, and also, excepting eight feet of north end, to be used for a public alley, and a joint use of said alley heretofore granted to the said complainant, together with, by and under the terms and conditions of said mortgage and which were found due and decreed to be paid in the said order and decree made and entered with the court in said cause, and that in accordance with the terms of said decree.

Dated, Ithaca, Mich., Dec. 2, 1899.

J. J. JONES, J. S. SPENCER, Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Gratiot county, Michigan.

R. H. SAMPSON, Solicitor for Complainant, Ithaca, Mich.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot, in Chancery; Leon G. Rice, complainant, vs. Cora J. Rice, defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot, in Chancery, at the Village of Ithaca, in said County on the 11th day of December, 1899.

In this cause, it appearing on affidavit on file, that the defendant, Cora J. Rice, on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1899, left her last known place of residence, which was in the township of Sumner, in said County, and although diligent search and inquiry has been made, no account of her whereabouts, yet, whereabouts is unknown, and it is unknown in what state or country the said defendant, Cora J. Rice, now resides.

Therefore, on motion of Searl & Kress, solicitors for the complainant, Leon G. Rice, it is ordered that the said defendant, Cora J. Rice, appearance to be entered hereon within five months from the date of this order, and in case of her appearance, that she cause her answer to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on complainant's solicitors, within twenty days after service on her, or her solicitors, of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and that in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said defendant, Cora J. Rice.

It is further ordered that, within twenty days after the date of this order, a notice of this order be published in the ALMA RECORD, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said County, and that each publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that he cause a copy of said order to be personally served on said defendant, Cora J. Rice, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for her appearance, and.

1083 7-w S. B. DABOLL, FRED & KRESS, Circuit Judge, Solicitors for Complainant.

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EDGAR ALLEN POE.

The Truth About His Death and Burial.

The recent dedication of a monument to the poet, Edgar Allan Poe, at the University of Virginia, has revived widespread interest in the life and work of that wonderful literary genius.

Dr. R. D'Unger, of Chicago, who takes exception to the story of Poe's death as it has been told during recent years in papers and magazines, to the effect that he was dragged to death by political "rounders," says:

"This very remarkable story relating to the death of Edgar Allan Poe, which is now going the rounds of the press, would be still more remarkable did it contain a single word of truth. I am personally acquainted with all the facts as to the demise of the poet, and will give them to you in a brief way."

"The story as to his being 'cooped' by bad fellows, 'drugged and imprisoned in a room in the rear of the fire engine house on Calvert street (the old Mechanical Volunteer Fire Company had their engine house there) is preposterous, for the reason that there was no rear room in the house, the engine standing against the rear wall. Poe never had anything to do with politics, never mixed with politicians, and, besides, was not a voter in Baltimore at that or any other time, being a non-resident."

"He was not a 'bum' either, and it was only men undeniably of this stamp who were 'cooped.'"

"Poe was a morose, melancholy sort of fellow, his great weakness being an inclination to drink with any and every body that invited him, but I do not believe that he ever called the 'boys' up to the bar even when he had money, which was seldom."

"He had an abundance of old Virginia pride, and would brace up after several drinks and be all 'fuss and feathers,' and then it was that he could and would talk eloquently. Periodical sprees were his greatest weakness, and the sober intervals were regulated as to length by the state of his pocket-book—never full, to my recollection, but now and then with a five-dollar bill in it."

"The winning of the \$100 prize for the 'Gold Bug' story made a fool of him. He could never stand prosperity. After getting this money he went on several small sprees, but finally on a 'great' one, as he termed it. After being intoxicated for a week he would suffer from inflammation of the stomach, and it was this complaint that carried him off, and not a poisonous drug."

"The day after his death, or perhaps two days, the story was told in the old Baltimore Patriot office, then located on North street, above Baltimore, that Poe had been or was to be buried in Pottery's field. The printers, although Poe, on account of his arrogance, was not much of a favorite with most of them, did not relish the idea of a grave in Pottery's field. A subscription was started, headed, if my memory serves me correctly, by Thomas Salzer; however, the man who started the list was the foreman of the Baltimore American composing room."

"I myself was on the list for a few dollars."

"With the money thus raised Poe's remains were interred in the churchyard at the corner of Fayette and Greene streets. Poe did not seem to have any money, and for all we knew saw of them, any friends, outside of the journeyman printers, whom he ever considered his inferiors, even when drinked the whiskey their money had paid for."

"There will always be such a great degree of interest in the life and fate of Poe that falsehood cannot greatly hurt his fame."

At the Toy Store Window.

"Pausing the other day, to look at the marvelous things exhibited in a toy store window," said Mr. Biffler, "I found myself presently more interested in the people who stopped to look, as I had done, than I was in the window itself for to my surprise, the majority of those people were grown folks, and of these the larger number were men."

"If anybody had asked me 'What stops to look at the things in toy store windows?' I should have said unhesitatingly—

"Children!"

"But here were men, bearded men, stopping to look, and looking with evident interest. It couldn't be that they were already picking out Christmas presents. I imagine that women have started at that, but it is too early for men to begin at it; and so these men were just looking at the things because they wanted to. But when I come to think of it wasn't I looking at them for the same reason?"

"It was in a business street and at an hour when school was in, so that there could be few children here anyway; but while that might account for the proportion of men that stopped to look, they need not have stopped at all if they didn't want to, need they? And I couldn't help thinking that the man who preserved an interest in these boyish, youthful things, who liked to look in, and think of the things he used to have, must have had happy days, however old he may be, or however fortune has treated him, for he is younghearted still."

There is a good deal of point in a little story that I read in French the other day—a point that pricks American men of the class who have their own houses, as well as Frenchmen. A man is getting himself up a new house, and he and his wife are considering plans. One of these plans is favored by the wife.

"Well, I should like this plan very well," says the husband, "but I don't like one where I am going to get tangled in a study."

"A study?" exclaimed the wife. "What do you want of a study? You don't smoke!"

"Maud, didn't you pay more for your new cloak than you said you would?"

"No, Harry; I had the extra \$10 charged to you."

In music all hearts are revealed to us—St. House.

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